Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Rt. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
Kin. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue bene factious one againſt the other:
Wiſe, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Heere *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo I ſweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me hapy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh mee
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend.
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloceſter* here,
to make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue ſpent the day,
Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe inteligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwitting
Haue thought committed tha
By any in this preſence, I deſ
To reconcile me to his friend
Tis death to mee to be at emn
I hate it and deſire all good n
Firſt Maddam I intreat peace
Which I purchace with my
Of you my noble couſen *Bu*
If euer any grudge were lod
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, an
That all without deſert haue
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentile
I do not know that Engliſh
With whome my ſoule is a
More then the infant that is
I thanke my God for my hu
Qu. A holy day ſhall this
I would to God all ſtrife we
My ſoueraigne leige I do be
To take our brother *Clarene*
Glo. Why Maddam, hau
To be thus ſcornd in this ro
Who knowes not that the n
You doe him iniury to ſcorn
Ri. Who knowes not h
Qu. All ſeeing heauen,
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lo
Dor. I my good Lord an
But his red colour hath for
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the
Glo. But He poore ſoule
And that a winged Mercur
Some tardy cripple bore the
That came too lagge to ſee
God graunt that ſome leſſe
Neerer in bloody thoughts,
Deſerue not worſe then wre
And yet goe currant from ſ

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